

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 10. [NEW SERIES.] NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1824.

VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

THE QUAKER;

A TALE OF THE DRAMA.

IN a beautiful village on the banks of the river Avon, nor far distant from Stratford, the birth-place of the immortal Shakespeare, there lived a benevolent Quaker, named Steady; he was rich, and his utmost delight was to see the villagers happy. Being a great admirer of learning, he was, sorry to see any of his fellow-men, however lowly their station, steeped in ignorance: he was therefore at the expense of supporting a free school, at which all the poor children of the neighbourhood were educated; and every May-day rewards were given to those who succeeded best in their various studies. Questions were also proposed, and he who was skilful enough to expound these questions received a sum of money as a marriage portion with the girl he loved, provided he had, or was likely to obtain her parents' consent; and it very seldom occurred that any father or mother refused their consent, if good Mr. Steady asked it: he was, in short, the blessing of his tenantry, and every body loved him.

In this village there lived a farmer whose name was Easy, and it seemed as if his name was a part of himself; he was a good-natured quiet man, and so careless in his disposition that if his corn did but grow, and his hay was got in well, he was as merry as the day was long. If there came an indifferent season, he contented himself with hoping the next would be better. So long as he had a mug of ale and a nap in the corner after dinner, he cared little how the world went on; whether the nation was rich or poor, at peace or in war; whether times were good or bad, all was the same to farmer Easy. He took every thing in good heart, whilst his wife, Dame Cicely, ruled the roast; whatever she proposed, the farmer replied, "Yes, sure, if thee likest, dame."

Farmer Easy had one daughter called Gillian, a very pretty girl, admired by the whole village. Mr. Steady had often noticed her modest artless manner, and proposed to her father and mother that she should become his wife: they were both highly delighted at this proposal. Dame Cicely was almost out of her wits with joy, to have her daughter the mistress of the great house, ride in her own coach, and to be herself dressed out in fine clothes; oh, how charming! She looked in the glass to see what colours were the most becoming to her complexion; and determined that her dress on the day of her daughter's wedding should be the gayest that had ever been seen in the village of Maybury: she would wear a pink silk petticoat, and a blue silk gown, with yellow trimmings; scarlet ribbon on her cap, and green bows on her shoes; and she could not help thinking, if she were only twenty years younger, and unmarried, how many sweethearts she should get.

Dame Easy had all the joy to herself, for poor Gillian was wretched; being attached to Lubin, an honest lad, who had been brought up in a neighbouring village with his uncle. He had asked the consent of farmer and dame Easy to marry Gillian, who had agreed to it; and he was now gone to the west country to ask his father's consent also: and on his return, the wedding was to take place directly. Gillian could not bear the thoughts of giving up Lubin, who was young and handsome, for old Steady, who was ugly and formal. She did not care for riches; she would rather milk the cows and feed the poultry, with Lubin for her husband, than be the greatest lady of the land without him; but her mother told her she must marry Mr. Steady. Gillian believed that no young woman ever dared to disobey her parents; and she knew her mother would be obeyed, for her father did every thing she bid him, and never said nay. Gillian was taken to live in the great house; was dressed out in nice clothes: had masters to teach her dancing and music, and servants to wait on her; but Gillian was very unhappy: day and night she thought of Lubin, and when alone, was always in tears. She was afraid to tell Mr. Steady that she

disliked him and loved another; still hoping Lubin would return and find some way of getting her out of Mr. Steady's hands: and, if she was but once the wife of Lubin, why then it would be her duty to obey him, and no sin to disobey her mother.

Day after day she watched and waited, but Lubin did not return; and her mother began to taunt her, saying, he was unfaithful and had forsaken her. Gillian knew better; she felt assured Lubin was true; she was always trying his truth, and in all her trials he was ever constant: when she tied her garters round the bed post, repeated verses nine times, and went backwards into bed, she was sure to dream of Lubin; or, if she put apple pippins on her cheeks, and gave them names, Lubin was sure to stick close, though all the rest fell off; then, if she pared a turnip and threw the rind over her head, it would be sure to make the letter L; and, therefore, to doubt him was impossible, yet she was very unhappy at the delay. She feared he was either ill, or his father would not consent; but how to get a letter to him was the difficulty: she had money enough (for Mr. Steady gave her plenty) to pay any body well, yet who to trust she could not tell; and if they were to betray her, what could she then do? Mr. Steady would send her home, and her mother would perhaps turn her out of doors.

It was a trying situation; she knew not what was to become of her; it was now the 28th of April, and on May-day she was to be married: the wedding clothes were making, but the pretty white silk dress, all trimmed with satin ribbon, so fine and handsome, to her looked very ugly indeed. The mantuamaker was just gone, and she was sitting crying when Floretta came in. Floretta was her waiting maid, a good-natured smart girl, who grieved to see her young mistress so continually unhappy; but she feared to own her pity, or try to serve her with Lubin, lest she should offend her master, who had been very kind to her father and mother: yet she thought it very odd so good a man should do such a wicked thing as force a young creature to marry him against her will; and feeling certain that if it were her case she would certainly run away from him. She thought too it was better Gillian should run away before her marriage than after; and determined to try some way or other to serve her.

"What do you cry for, Miss Gillian?" said she as she entered the room. "Isn't it enough to make any one cry, Floretta? Am I not going to be married?" "The thought of going to be married makes most girls laugh and be merry." "Ay, that is when they are going to marry the man they like. Heigho! you have no pity for me, Floretta, or you would find out some way to

help me." "What fault have you to find with Mr. Steady? he is a very good man." "Oh! yes, I know that; so is a haystack very good; but I don't see why I should be obliged to eat one: why doesn't he marry old nurse Grimshaw? she would suit him better by half than me." "Why don't you tell him so?" "So I would if I thought he would not be angry: suppose, Floretta, I was to tell him he is very disagreeable, and that I hate the very sight of him; do you think he would let me marry Lubin?" "It would be a curious mode of courting his favour; but I really think something should be done. But what can keep Lubin so long? he ought to have come back two months ago. Suppose we were to get somebody to go to him, and find out if he is faithful, and if he is—" "Oh! my dear, dear Floretta, that is the very thing I have been thinking of; but I did not know who to trust; but what does it matter now? we could not hear in time to prevent me marrying Mr. Steady!" "Why, that is true; let me see, I have it; can't you contrive to be taken ill on May-day morning? and then the wedding must be put off, you know." "I don't know; I never was ill but when I had the hooping-cough; but if you'll tell me what to do—" "Why, then, in the first place you must faint away, and then I'll scream for help, and throw a jug of cold water over you, and rub your temples with hartshorn, and burn feathers under your nose, and roar and bellow, say you are dying, and frighten my poor master out of his seventeen senses."

Gillian was in raptures to find Floretta her friend; and, while the latter left her to seek out some one who could be trusted as a messenger to seek Lubin, she, like a bird just let out of a cage, was gaily singing

Again I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly on its seat;
My cares are all in rapture drown'd,
In every pulse new pleasures beat,

when Mr. Steady came to inquire how she liked her wedding clothes? "I should like them very well, said Gillian, if I were going to be married to Lubin." "And wherefore, Gillian, shouldst thou prefer Lubin unto me? do I not love thee as much as he does?" "Perhaps you may, sir, but I don't love you!" "And yet thou shouldst love me; do I not give thee every thing thou canst wish for? am I not thy friend?" "Yes, indeed! and indeed you are very good to me, and I love you as a father; but I can never love you as a husband, unless—unless—" "Unless what, Gillian?" "Unless Lubin was to grow old and ugly like you, and you become young and handsome like him." "Fair maiden, thou art a lover of vanity; yea, verily the pomps and vanities of this world are likely

to seduce thee from thy duty: beauty is a mask." "But it is a very pretty mask, sir; and I should like to look on it always." "Lubin will be old as well as me, Gillian, if he lives long enough." "Oh, yes, I know that; but then we shall both grow old together, and neither of us can reproach the other." "Well, well, maiden, we will speak of this another time; thou wilt make one in the sports of the green on May-day, and wilt not perhaps at last be sorry that thou art loved by Steady, the aged quaker; good by, sweetheart; good by, umph!" "News, news, ma'am," said Floretta, jumping in, "good news, Lubin is arrived; come to my window and you shall see him walking in the churchyard, and then we'll consult what is best to be done."

It was indeed true; Lubin was returned. His long delay had been occasioned by the illness and death of his poor old father, who had bequeathed him all his property; and he was now come to fetch Gillian to his native village, where he wished they should live after they were married. He was wearied with his long journey, having walked upwards of a hundred miles; for in those days there were few opportunities of travelling but on foot, except for those who kept carriages, or could afford to hire horses. Lubin's heart danced with joy as he approached the village of Maybury; and he pictured to himself the jovial welcome of the old couple, and the blushing constrained pleasure of his pretty Gillian. He approached the door, and gave a smart rap, which not being answered, he knocked again, and was surprised at being answered by old Cicely from the window; who, pretending not to know him, bade him go about his business, as she was busy. But Lubin not choosing to be answered so, she came outside the door, not giving him an invitation to enter the house. She informed him of Gillian's expected greatness, and told him he might be jogging while his boots were green, for she had not any thing to say to him; he remonstrated, but all to no purpose, the old woman only laughed at him, and bidding him good by, shut the door in his face. Resolved not to be so easily repulsed, he lingered about the cottage in hope of seeing Gillian, and learning from her whether it was by her own consent she was going to be married to the rich quaker; and while waiting, farmer Easy returned from his corn-fields, where he had been directing his labourers. Lubin accosted him, but gained little satisfaction. Easy told him it was his wife's wish; she and Gillian had settled it all their own way, and he had nothing to do with it, as he never interfered with women's business, they knew best what pleased 'em; and he advised him to seek for a wife in his *own station of life*, and

think no more about Gillian; she was not for him, and there was an end.

Poor Lubin, almost distracted, was wandering up and down the churchyard when Floretta spied him; who would fain have spoke to him, but dared not lest her master should see her. She consulted Gillian what was best to be done, and it was resolved to send for Lubin to speak to them at the garden gate in the evening, and the messenger fixed on was Solomon, Mr. Steady's own man, a lover of Floretta's: at least he wished to be one; and it pleased Floretta, who was a flirt, to amuse herself with his formality and awkwardness. He was tall and thin, and walked so upright, that never by any chance did he see his own toes; full of proverbs and wise sayings; near fifty years of age; and so intolerably ugly, that it was the very essence of vanity which could induce him to suppose for one moment that a young woman of any pretensions would look at him with an eye of kindness. Floretta coaxed him a little: and, though he feared that by bringing Lubin and Gillian to a meeting he should offend his master, yet he could not resist her entreaties; but smiling on her, pressed his folded hands on his breast, and raising himself on his tiptoes, said, "If I do thy bidding, sweet Floretta, wilt thou kiss me, hey?" "Ah! truly, Mr. Solomon, when you have done my bidding! yea." "Umph! thou art skittish, but thou art pretty, and—I—um—wilt thou give me an earnest of thy ruby lips before I go; it will make me move the nimbler, umph!" "Nay, Mr. Solomon, it is bad to pay beforehand, you must earn your reward before you have it; umph!" "But thou mayst forget; many things fall out between the cup and the lip." "Go, go, Mr. Solomon, go." "An egg to-day is better than a chicken to-morrow." "Prithee, good Solomon." "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Floretta could with difficulty get her precise lover away, who, slowly marching along like a stately gander, met with Lubin, and bade him come to Gillian at the garden gate by eight o'clock, as she had something particular to say to him. "Ah," said Lubin angrily, "to tell me she is obliged to marry in obedience to her parents, as if obedience of parents could break an oath solemnly given; however, you may tell her I'll come." "Verily, friend Lubin," said Solomon dryly, "thou dost jump about like a parched pea in a frying-pan, and splutter like unto an egg that is roasting; but I shall deliver thy message, and so fare thee well." Solomon returned with all expedient haste, and demanded his fee from Floretta, who was compelled to fulfil her promise, however much against her will. "Ah! Floretta," cried the foolish dotard, "thy breath is like

the new-mown hay, and thy lips like unto sugar-candy; tell me, umph! when wilt thou name the spousal day?" "Nay, Mr. Solomon, that depends on yourself." "On me, Floretta? nay, thou jeerest me; if it depends on me no time shall be thrown away; time lost can never be regained, and therefore when my master friend Steady shall espouse the maiden Gillian, I will espouse thee! hey! umph!" "Nay, Mr. Solomon, you have much to do, and many things to learn before I can marry you; in the first place, I never will marry a man whose mouth is full of saws and proverbs." "Mum! a word to the wise! it shall be mended by degrees; word by word great books are written." "This is not the way to mend, Mr. Solomon." "Pardon me, I pray thee, give me time; Rome was not built in one day; but it is a long lane that has never a turning." "And do you really love me, Mr. Solomon?" "Do I love thee? ask the wolf if he loveth the lamb; ask the kite if he loveth a chicken; ask the vintner if the wine be good; ask the farmer if the corn is ripe; ask—" "Ask, ask, ask, nonsense! ask your own foolish noddle if you will ever mend." "It is done, thou shalt be obeyed; the sheep heareth the voice of the shepherd, it shall be done; slow and sure, they stumble that run fast; what is bred in the bone—" "Hoity, toity! will you never have done?" "I have done; the journey that is never begun will never have an end; I will begin straight forward; fare thee well, maiden! I love thee, yea, I love thee! umph! heigho!"

The tender-hearted Gillian was uneasy lest Floretta should make poor Solomon unhappy; but Floretta laughed, and told her he was too stupid ever to break his heart for love, so she need not be sorrowful on his account. Lubin, true to his appointment, was first at the garden gate, though in no very good humour: the villagers had irritated his mind, some pitying, some blaming, and some laughing at him; and he would not have come to meet Gillian, only, as he said, to see how she could look him in the face after using him so ill; but the sight of his dear Gillian in a moment put his boasted anger to flight; and when she told him her dislike to the marriage, and that Floretta and she had laid a scheme to put off the wedding till he could be sent to, he was enraptured.

Floretta told him what he had best do, and he promised to undertake it; accordingly on the following morning he waited on Mr. Steady, who had never seen him, as he had only known Gillian a few months before, when she was on a visit in the village, where his uncle lived: he therefore boldly solicited an audience, and it was granted.—Lubin apologised for troubling him, but said

that as he kindly undertook to redress all wrongs which came within his knowledge, he had made bold to trouble him about a little business of his own, and hoped he would forgive him. Steady bade him speak freely, and if it was in his power to serve him he would. Lubin then informed him, there was an old man who, because he was rich, was cruel enough to take his sweetheart from him, and was going to marry her; and that her parents had formerly given their consent for his marriage with her, but now forgot their promises, and insisted on the young woman marrying the rich old fellow, though they knew it was against her will, and that she never could be happy. Steady told him, he was sorry for him, and that his case was a hard one; bade him be on the lawn to-morrow, and inquired if the old man who had injured him would be there; then on Lubin assuring him he would, he gave him a sealed paper, bidding him direct it to the person, and expressing a hope that all would be right.

The morning came, and Gillian was very anxious. Steady spoke of his happiness in making her a bride, and she was terrified lest she should be obliged to marry him at last; but Floretta told her not to fear, for if the worst came to the worst, she could run away with Lubin, and settle all that way.—The dancers were assembled on the green, and every countenance looked gay and happy, save only Lubin and Gillian. Clad in her bridal white, she came leaning on the arm of old Steady, who squeezed her hand, and looked at her with a degree of fondness which would have driven Lubin mad, had he not hoped the paper which he held in his hand contained a written order from Mr. Steady, that he should marry the girl he loved, though the Quaker would be indeed surprised to find that girl was his own sweetheart Gillian.

Mr. Steady took his seat, and gave a question to be expounded; when he who might be fortunate enough to guess it was to receive the premium. They all listened very quietly, while he inquired if any present could tell him,—what of all things in the world was the longest and the shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most precious, the most neglected, and without which nothing could be done.—One said it was the sun, another the earth, a third that it was light. At length Lubin advanced, and bowing with great modesty, said, he believed it was Time. "Nothing," he said, "can be longer, because it will last for ever; nothing can go slower when we are absent from those we love, or swifter when one is near them. There is an old saying, that it is as precious as gold, and yet we are always throwing it away; and as a proof, your worship, that nothing can be done without

it, if the old gentleman we were talking of yesterday had not the opportunity of my absence, he could not have taken away the damsel I mentioned to you, sir." "Thou art an ingenious youth, and hast won the dower. Come hither, Gillian; on this day thou art to become a bride, nay, do not look so grave, for I think thou wilt love thy husband. Lubin, come thou hither also; thou art surprised, young man, to find I know thee. If I give this maiden to thee, wilt thou promise to love, to cherish, and protect her? If thou wilt promise that, I will give her to thee with an ample dowry: and I think her friends will not refuse their consent to what I require."

Gillian and Lubin threw themselves at his feet, but their hearts were too full to speak. Steady looked at them with pleasure. "My good children," said he, "I have only been making trial of your constancy. I was in the wood last summer when you were seated beneath the old oak, and vowed to love each other for ever and for ever: I was desirous of trying the extent of female constancy, and have therefore tempted Gillian with riches and grandeur; but she has not been enticed by the false glare of wealth, and now with joy I reward your faithful love. Receive her, Lubin, from my hands; take her to church, and then let the sports begin. Nay, do not bow your knee to me, my children; pay your thanks there, where only they are due, to Heaven. I am already rewarded; the pleasure of making others happy is the most supreme happiness this world can bestow, and that happiness is mine." The whole village rejoiced. Lubin and Gillian were married, and lived as happy as contentment, competence, and faithful love could make them. They ever blessed the name of the good Mr. Steady, and loved and revered him as their friend and benefactor; whilst he ever regarded them as his children, and was much more happy in bestowing the pretty Gillian on the youth she loved, than he could have been in making her his wife without possessing her affections; and he fully proved that the truly wise, the truly virtuous, are blessed themselves in conferring blessings upon others; he ever endeavoured also to impress upon all his lowly friends, that the evils of life are meant for some good and wise purpose, though to us unknown.

THE CLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

WINE.—Singular calculation of the value of the Rhenish wine, which has been for nearly two centuries in a cellar at *Bremen*,

called the *Rose*:—The five hogsheads of wine were purchased in 1624, for 1,200 francs, dollars 240, which, if put out at compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth 5,752,686,622 crowns, a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs; a wine glass 2,723,808 francs; and one drop, (reckoning 1000 drops to the glass) 10,880 francs, or 2,176 dollars.

IRISH PUFFING.—Kemble and Lewis chancing to be at Dublin at the same time, were both engaged by the manager for one night's performance in *Leon* and the *Copper Captain*. Their announcement was coupled with the following delectable passage:—They never performed together in the same piece, and in all *human probability*, they never will again: this evening is the *summit* of the manager's *climax*. He has constantly gone higher and higher in his endeavours to delight the public, beyond this, it is not in *nature* to go.

ABEL AND HIS VIOL DA GAMBA—Abel, the German composer, and professional partner of Bach, was so attached to the *viol da gamba*, in the performance of which he excelled every cotemporary practitioner, as to prefer its thin, grating tones, to the notes of all other instruments. At a dinner party one day, given by the late Lord Sandwich, the various attractions of the different musical instruments forming the subject of conversation, his lordship proposed that every gentleman should say which of them was his favourite; when Abel, after hearing with constrained patience, one guest named the organ, another the piano-forte, another the hautboy, another the clarionet, &c. &c. but no one name the *Viol da gamba*, suddenly arose from his seat, and left the room: exclaiming—"O dere be de brute in de world; dere be dose who no love de king of all de instrument."

ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA.—The following story, which Burton, in his *anatomy of Melancholy*, (ed. 1813, vol. II. p. 404,) quotes from *Ælian*, is obviously the origin of one of our most popular nursery tales: Rhodope was the fairest lady in her days in all Egypt; she went to wash her, and by chance (her maids, meanwhile, looking but carelessly to her clothes) an eagle stole away one of her shoes, and laid it in *Psammeticus*, the King of Egypt's lap, at *Memphis*: he wondered at the excellency of the shoe and pretty foot, but more at the manner of the bringing of it; and caused forthwith proclamation to be made, that she that owned that shoe should come presently to his court; the virgin came, and was forthwith married to the king.

THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

EAST INDIA MANNERS

No. II.

THE villages and cottages of the Hindoos, though built of mud, are many of them exceedingly neat and clean. In front, they have wide seats of hardened clay raised two or three feet from the ground, with or without small verandahs. The roofs of this first class of cottages are flat; and the walls inside and out are painted, or rather daubed with white and red, alternately in broad longitudinal stripes. The owners also, if of high cast, mark the seat and the ground near the door with stripes of the ashes of cow-dung fresh laid on every morning. On these no man of lower cast dare tread. You often, at break of day, see a female of the family with cow-dung and water laying down these lines, and holding a little incense or a few sacred flowers in her hand, repeat some formula of prayer. If a tree be near the door, the trunk of it enjoys the full benefit of these daubs and sprinklings.

In most villages, you will see near the bazaar one or more lofty wide spreading trees, with broad beds of hardened clay raised round their huge trunks. Here, at the burning hour of noon, the coolly deposits his load, the traveller his bundle, or the horseman ties his steed, and all under the favour of its shade compose themselves to sleep. Even here they contrive to avoid any accidental defilement of cast; and a very high-cast wealthy man would take sole and undisputed possession, without he encountered one of the faithful sleeping on his horse-cloth with a scimitar beside him.

Tanks, or reservoirs of water, and topes, or small groves of trees, are commonly found side by side at the entrance of Indian villages; and in such spots, if native travellers be numerous, they halt for the night, bathe and perform their ablutions in the tank, cook, take their food, and rest in the tope. Here you may see the bearded Mahometan sitting cross-legged on a carpet, smoking his hookah, with a ragged boy shampooing his tired horse beside him;—the Hindoos, according to their casts, boiling their rice and mixing their curry-stuff with in small circles cut on the ground, for you to pass which, would be defilement both to their food and to themselves;—and far apart, despised and rejected of all, the wretched Chandalah eating his ten cash worth of flavourless cold rice, and enjoying (for it in his enjoyment) a short respite from labour, if not ill usage.

In poor villages, the small temple for the idol will be of mud, white-washed, and orna-

mented with clay figures, the work of the potter. Here and there too, in different spots, are always to be seen small lingams (stone pillars of a peculiar shape) for daily prayer, or some strange-shaped stones or ancient trees, long since consecrated by the craft of a Brahmin, and daubed over or decked with flowers, to secure the veneration of the credulous and consenting people. In and near towns or populous places are stone choultries for travellers, supported by handsome pillars, curiously carved with figures of men, women, and animals, regarded as sacred. In such spots, moreover, the pagodas are solidly built of granite. Their walls, columns, and lofty gateways, elaborately sculptured with images in full, demi, or bas-relief of gods and monsters.

The Hindoos are not destitute of moral excellence; but, to speak generally, the standard of it is miserably low. The ryot, who toils all day and sleeps all night, is peaceful;—the parent is fond,—the husband tender,—friends are united. But let us pause!—look at your Brahmin, stepping in haughty wrath from his cottage:—that poor wretch, of lower cast, faint with a mortal sickness, has fallen *too near* his threshold, and may, though he has not yet, defile it! He does not stoop to aid the dying man; administers nothing to his crying, though speechless wants. No!—such charity would pollute him.—He hurries off, and returning with two obedient villagers, has him borne away, to breathe his last, perhaps unsheltered; and to rot in an unfrequented spot near the village, without the last poor privilege of a funeral pile. Look again at these aged Brahmins in earnest converse. In the garden from whence they are passing forth, sits the widow of a respectable native just deceased. She was only twelve years of age, and was betrothed to the husband she had but once seen. She has just heard from them how it is expected she should honour God, and attain heaven. Terrified she looks, and is.—The sun shines bright, the earth looks green to her,—she would live, and taste the bounties of a merciful Creator. She must not.—Ere the shadows of evening close, her ripening form and delicate limbs will be wrapped in flame. Sad nuptials these, to be embraced on the funeral pile by death! yet the horn, the drum, the cymbal, and the shouts of a glad multitude, speak joy.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

MR. BURROUGHS has terminated a first engagement, at our theatre, and has suc-

ceeded in establishing himself firmly in the good opinion of the public. The impression which he has made is not of that exciting and tumultuous nature, which characterized the effect produced by the appearance of Conway and Matthews, but it will be quite as permanent. There is a tranquil satisfaction pervading the audience whenever he appears, a good will and approbation, that cannot but be highly gratifying to Mr. Burroughs. We know not whether he intends to remain here or to visit the different theatres of the Union previously to a re-engagement, but we can assure him that both now and hereafter a New-York audience will meet him with welcome and good will.

Miss Kelly is again fascinating us all, by her sparkling eye and sweet voice. We cannot recollect in the history of our theatre, an instance of such steady, cheering, and gratifying patronage bestowed on any actress as on this lady. She attracts taste, talent, and fashion; and so far from losing ground or remaining stationary, she is weekly increasing her popularity.

The lovers of high excitement and strong emotion are again attracted by their favourite Mrs. Barnes. We are gratified to learn that her engagement is permanent; she is yet in her prime, and may long continue to interest and delight the admirers of tragic power.

In noticing the *corps dramatique* some time ago, we omitted, for want of room, the name of Mrs. Wheatly. In her line, we do not think a better actress exists; she displays great acuteness in catching the eccentricities of the characters she sustains, and she always performs with spirit and nature. There is no resisting the power of Watkinson and Mrs. Wheatly as *Piffelberg* and the *Countess*, in the farce "Of Age To-Morrow." They would make a statue shake its sides with laughter.

Cannot the managers find any body to dance except Miss Bland? She is as little of an *Angiolini*, in her motions as can well be, and it will be a long while ere she dances herself into public favour. While people have eyes, it is hardly fair to cruciate them in places of amusement with the exhibition of such motion, most inaptly denominated *dancing*.

Hilson has come out in a new character

with great *eclat*. We mean "Billy Lackaday" the sentimentalist. The part could not find a better representative, and the play itself cannot be performed too frequently.

We again ask, where is Watkinson? why does he suffer his irresistibly comic abilities to sleep? He has taste, intelligence, and cultivation; he is always natural and unaffected, and is always received with a hearty welcome. He has sense in his wit, and excites our mirth not by buffoonery but by the admirable conception and happy execution of eccentric and humorous characters.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

A GREAT deal of false sympathy has been manifested respecting Theodore, King of Corsica, who was a mere adventurer, and that not of the most honourable class.

Theodore Anthony, Baron Newhoff, more remarkable for being the only one of his profession (of adventurers) who ever obtained a crown, than for acquiring that of Corsica, was born at Metz, about the year 1696; and after a variety of intrigues, scrapes, and escapes in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and lost a throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where he had been before about the year 1737. "I saw him," says Walpole, "soon after his last arrival: he was a comely, middle-sized man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity, which he acted in the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the lowest shifts of his industry. An instance of the former appeared during his last residence at Florence, where, being reduced to extreme poverty, some English gentlemen made a collection for, and carried it to him. Being apprised of their coming, and having only one chamber, in a little miserable lodging, he squeezed his bed to one side, and placed a chair under the canopy, where he sat to receive the charity."

Being involved here in former and new debts, he for some time received benefactions from the Earl of Granville, the Countess of Yarmouth, and others; and after being arrested, some merchants in the city promoted a subscription for him; but he did not behave well, and they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when a paper (written by Walpole) in the *World* was published, for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raised by it, and sent to

his prison. He pretended to be much disappointed at not receiving more: his debts he said, amounted to one thousand five hundred pounds. He sent in a few days to Dodsley, the publisher of the *World*, to desire the subscription might be opened again; which being refused, he sent a lawyer to Dodsley, to threaten to prosecute him for the paper, which he pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented several contributions.

In May 1756, an extraordinary event happened.—Theodore, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and printed a petition to the *Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain*, in which he stated that “through a long imprisonment, being reduced to very great extremities, his case is earnestly recommended for a contribution to be raised, to enable him to return to his own country, having obtained his liberty by the late Act of Parliament. In the late war in Italy, the Baron gave manifest proofs of his affection for England; and as the motives of his coming here are well known, it is hoped all true friends to freedom will be excited to assist a brave, though unfortunate man, who wishes to have an opportunity of testifying his gratitude to the British nation.”

Theodore, however, remained in the liberties of the prison till December, 1756, when, taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portuguese minister's in Audley-street; but not finding him at home, the Baron prevailed on the chairmen, to carry him to a tailor's, in Chapel-street, Soho, who having formerly known him, and pitying his distress, lodged him in his house. Theodore fell ill there the next day, and dying in a few days, was buried in the church-yard of St. Anne, in that parish.

A strong peculiarity of circumstances attend him to the last. His manner of obtaining his liberty was not so extraordinary as what attended it. Going to Guildhall, to demand the benefit of the Act, he was asked, “What effects he had?” he answered, “Nothing but the kingdom of Corsica.” It was accordingly registered for the benefit of his creditors. So singular a destiny was thought worthy of a memorial, that might point out the chief adventures, and even the place of interment of this remarkable personage. Mr. Horace Walpole, his friend and benefactor, erected a marble near his grave, with a crown, taken from one of his coins, bearing the following inscription:—

Near this place is interred
Theodore, King of Corsica.
Who died in this parish, Dec. 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving the
King's Bench Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency;
In consequence of which, he registered
His kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his Creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings:
But Theodore, this moral learn'd ere dead,
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

CHEMICAL SCIENCE.

ALCHEMY.—For many ages, in almost all countries where science was in any degree cultivated, men were led to indulge in the absurd hope of being able to convert all the inferior metals into gold and silver. The substance which was to effect this, has been called the philosopher's stone. There have also been imaginary hopes indulged of being able to discover a universal medicine, which would cure diseases, and confer long life or immortality. The desire of wealth and of life being engaged, it is not to be wondered, in the less enlightened ages, when so many of the properties of different kinds of matter were unknown, that chemists should eagerly persevere in the research; and hence the importance of alchemy, which was the name given to this pursuit. The alchemists, by performing every kind of experiment they could think of, although they failed in the chief object of their pursuit, made many discoveries which have been of benefit to mankind, and formed the basis of purer science in more enlightened ages. In perusing the history of the translations of the alchemists, as recorded in the works of Boyle, Boerhaave, and other sober-minded men, we meet with such evidence of the transmutation of the baser metals, that were it not now known by the aid of modern science that the matter is impossible, we should hardly know on what ground to refuse our belief. Even Lord Bacon was induced to believe in the *possibility* of the success of alchemy; and considering how plausible and numerous were the pretensions of the alchemists, he, perhaps, would hardly have been justifiable, with the knowledge then possessed of chemistry, to have maintained that success never could be obtained.

In the middle ages there were many pretenders, who amassed property by pretending to communicate the important secret, and nobles, bishops, princes, and kings, were constantly their dupes. Frederick III. emperor of Germany, caused a medal to be struck of the gold produced by an alchemical operation, which was performed in his presence by a quack of the name of Richterhausen. Frederick was so well satisfied, that he granted letters of nobility to the adept, and called him up among the barons of the holy Roman empire by the ap-

propriate title of the Baron of Chaos. Such a fief was worth a fortune, and accordingly wherever he went, the Baron of Chaos met with capital success. At the court of the elector of Mayence, he offered to effect a transmutation, for which purpose he produced a small portion of the matter of projection, in shape and size like a lentil. The powder had been mixed up with gum tragacanth, for the purpose, as he said, of binding it, and again the pellet was enveloped in wax. The elector was desirous to put it together with four ounces of quicksilver in a crucible, which was afterwards covered with charcoal. The elector and the baron then blew the fire, and at the expiration of half an hour, the crucible was taken from the furnace, and the baron poured out the molten gold. The liquid metal appeared of a bright red, and the baron exclaimed that its touch was too high; it must be lowered by the addition of silver. The elector threw in a bar of silver, and after a second fusion, the metal was cast in an ingot; which was found very pure, but rather brittle. The baron easily accounted for this, by saying, probably, some particles of tin adhered to the ingot mould; but a third fusion would remove the alloy. This was done at the mint, and the gold then became exceedingly ductile, and the mint master told his serene highness he had never seen such fine gold. Monconnis tells the story in the words of the elector, and it is evident that both of them believed that a real transmutation had taken place.

In performing such experiments, it was a usual trick to have a piece of gold enclosed in a hollow tube employed to stir the mixture, and with the end stopped up with wax. In the process of stirring, the wax melting, allowed the gold to get into the crucible; and thus the alchemist succeeded in persuading his dupes that he had effected the purpose proposed.

John Henry Muller, originally a barber, in the province of Alsace, came to the court of the emperor Rodolph, who was a munificent patron of occult sciences, and succeeded so well, that he had a patent of nobility conferred on him. After many adventures, he went to the court of the duke of Wurtemberg, at Stuttgard, to practise his art, and succeeded in persuading the duke of his effecting the transmutations. The duke poured the metals into the crucible, the doors of the laboratory were locked and sealed, and on the following morning the amalgam of lead and mercury was found richly impregnated with gold. Another operation at the castle of Reidlengen had the same effect. In the first place, success was obtained by means of an accomplice introduced in a chest; and in the second instance, the same useful auxiliary

found his way through a vault. But the baron was not allowed to enjoy his honours in peace, for now the far-famed Sandivogius made his appearance at Stuttgard. This was a Polish nobleman, believed to be the greatest alchemist and magician of his age. The two adepts were both wonderfully perplexed, each believing the other possessed of the secret. Muller, to relieve himself from the embarrassment of the presence of his rival, found means to persuade him that the duke intended to put him to the torture, in order to make him confess his secret; on which Sandivogius ran away from Stuttgard. Muller contrived to have him arrested by the way, and confined in prison; where he almost lost his life by the severities inflicted on him, in order to make him give up the secret to his false brother; for Muller had no doubt of Sandivogius being in possession of the philosopher's stone.

Sandivogius at last making his escape, Muller was apprehended, condemned, and executed: being dressed at his execution in a garment covered with leaf gold.

It is astonishing how many persons lost their all in pursuit of this vain science; but the alchemist still persevered, and one generation after another, trode in the same path of folly. The alchemist was seldom induced to give way to disappointment. He again filled alembic and aludel; again tried a new mixture of sulphur, mercury, and salt; again heated his furnace; and every successive change in the appearance of the materials he employed, filled his mind with intense hope, and the object of his study was about to be accomplished. A new attempt was still to be made, and the scene of his delusive efforts only terminated with his life.

FORMATION OF PEARLS.

The exterior of the *Mytilus margaritiferus* generally indicates the value of the gem which it contains. Such as are varied and incrustated with thick calcarious substances, and with zoophytes of various kinds, enclose the finest pearls; those, on the contrary, which present a smooth surface, have only begun to form these valuable secretions, and are sometimes entirely without them. The observation of this curious fact probably suggested the first idea of forcing the *Mytilus* to produce pearls. It was known in the first centuries of the Christian era, and acted on by the ancient people who inhabited the coasts of the Red Sea, as we are informed by the philosopher Apollonius. 'The Indians,' said he, 'dived into the sea after they had rendered it calm, and perhaps clearer, by the pouring in of oil; they then induced the Muscles, by means of some attractive baits, to expand their shells, and having

pricked them with a sharp-pointed instrument, received into a perforated iron vessel the liquor which exuded from the wound, where it hardened gradually, and formed pearls of the finest water.'

Modern naturalists are undecided with regard to the accuracy of this narration; yet there are various reasons to conclude, that the people who lived on the shores of the Red Sea were acquainted with an artificial mode of producing pearls; and this opinion is additionally confirmed by the method now in use among the modern Chinese, who retain, with a few alterations, the arts and customs of their ancestors. Pearl oysters, at certain seasons of the year, congregate in considerable numbers on the surface of the water, where they open their shells, and enjoy the influence of the sun. At this period, the Chinese fishermen throw into each of them a small string of beads, formed of mother-of-pearl, which, becoming incrustated in the course of a few months, present the appearance of real pearls. As soon as this curious process is supposed to be completed, the muscles are drawn up, and robbed of the treasures which they contain. The truth of this extraordinary statement may be implicitly relied on; it is confirmed by the testimony of respectable travellers, and the result of various experiments; to which Professor Fabricius adds the testimony of having seen, in the possession of Sir Joseph Banks, several Chinese Chamæ, in the shells of which were contained bits of iron wire, covered with a substance of a pearly nature. These wires had evidently once been sharp, and it seemed as if the sagacious muscles, anxious to secure themselves against the intrusion of such unwelcome visitors, had incrustated, and thus rendered blunt, the points with which they came in contact. May not, therefore, the process employed by the ancients be still practised? And are we not authorised in conjecturing, that these bits of iron, which probably had slipped from the hands of the Chinese workmen, and remained in the animals, resembled the spikes noticed by Philostratus as being used by the ancient people who inhabited the banks of the Red Sea for the purpose of pricking muscles.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Litz, the German musical boy, is composing an Opera entitled *Don Sancho*; the words by M. Theaulon. He is now only eleven years old.

SAMNITE COINS.—A wood-cutter has lately felled in the forest of Ardennes a very old and lofty oak, which concealed in its

trunk some fragments of vases for sacrifice, and also some medals. It has been ascertained that these pieces were coined by the Samnites, so far back as 276 years before the foundation of Rome.

The average annual mortality at present in Paris, is 1 in 32 or 33. In the 17th century it was 1 in 25 or 26; and in the 14th 1 in 16 or 17. This salutary change is attributed to the increased opulence of the people, a more salubrious air, and a better mode of bringing up children.

ALEXANDER PASELIKIN, a young poet, has recently produced a work, which does not contain above six hundred lines, and for which he has received three thousand roubles, nearly one pound sterling per line!

The Hon. Colonel Stanhope, who, with Lord Byron, acted so distinguished a part in Greece, has given to his friend, Mr. Richard Ryan, author of the *Worthies of Ireland*, and several Miscellaneous Poems &c. the whole of his interesting journals, together with several original letters of Lord Byron.

The Works and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Browne, Knt. of Norwich, M D., with his Life by Dr. Johnson, are spoken of as forthcoming from the press.

Mr. Ugo Foscolo has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the ancient Italian Poets; with Biographies, Historical Views of their respective Times, and other Illustrations.

The historical works of Sir James Balfour, Lord Lyon King at Arms to Charles I. and II., are about to appear in four 8vo. volumes.

Mr. Godwin, the author of "Political Justice," is about to apply for an injunction to restrain a bookseller named Fisher, from publishing his "Caleb Williams," Mr. F. has, it seems, been engaged in publishing it in sixpenny numbers in violation of the copyright, and had sold an immense number of them before Mr. Godwin heard of the circumstance.

TO TAKE SCORCH MARKS OUT OF LINEN.—Linen is sometimes scorched or browned in the getting up; when this is the case, such marks may be removed by the following process:—To a pint of vinegar add the juice of three onions, half an ounce of soap rasped down, two ounces of fullers earth, half an ounce of lime, and half an ounce of pearl-ash; boil the whole until it is pretty thick, and lay some of it on the scorched part, suffering it to dry; on repeating this process

for one or two washings the mark will be removed, and the linen remain without any additional damage.

THE HOT AIR BATH.—The machinery employed for the purpose of applying hot air to the surface of the body, is very simple. It consists of a frame of basket-work, of an arched shape and about six feet in length, open at one end, and at the other there is a piece of wood, with a hole in the centre. This frame is laid over the patient when in bed, and over it is placed a blanket or two, and these are tucked under the patient's chin. A tin tube is then passed into the hole at the bottom of the frame, and in the lower part of this tube a little spirit lamp is placed lighted, and the apparatus is complete. The air, heated by the lamp, passes up the tube, and is brought in contact with the surface of the body of the patient.

A FOSSIL ELEPHANT has been discovered on the east side of Lyons, in a garden situated on the hill which separates the Rhine and the Saone. The bones were discovered in what the men supposed was virgin earth, never having been turned up by either spade or pick-axe. M. Bredin, the *Directeur* of the Royal Veterinary School, repaired to the spot, and recognised in the huge bones discovered by the workmen, the bones of an elephant.

A fine specimen of the sphinx *convolvuli*, or unicorn hawk-moth, was lately caught, near Wigton, Cumberland. This is one of the rarest and largest of British lepidopterous insects, the expansion of its wing measuring nearly five inches.

METEOR AND EARTHQUAKE.—A traveller, who happened during the nights of the 11th and 12th of August to be upon the Alps, reports that he saw a globe of fire which lighted the atmosphere for three minutes; and about the same time the shocks of an earthquake were felt in several parts of Italy.

INOCULATED DOG.—The operation of inoculating a dog beneath the integuments of its thigh, was recently performed at Guy's Hospital with the saliva produced from the mouth of James Drew, a poor fellow who there died in a rabid state. The dog still remains in the hospital, but as yet it has not, nor, it is imagined, ever will exhibit symptoms of hydrophobia. This is the same dog which was transfused about six months ago by Dr. Blundell.

A life of Mr. Kean, the actor, has been lately published; the compiler is indebted

not only for facts but for composition, to the pen of Mr. Francis Phippen, who soon after Mr. Kean's first season at Drury-lane Theatre, wrote a history of that actor's adventures, and will now probably be obliged to move for an injunction.

The king of the Netherlands has presented to M. Bowring and M. Van Dyk a superb gold medal, with an encomiastic Latin inscription, in approbation of their translations from the poets of Holland, collected in the "Batavian Anthology."

It is mentioned in a letter from Weimar, dated Sept. 9, that the celebrated Goethe has remained in that capital the whole of the summer, and that the anniversary of his birth-day has lately been solemnized by its cultivated inhabitants with great splendour.

An autograph letter, written by George the second, after the most diligent and fruitless search in most of the government offices, has been by mere chance and accident discovered in the British Museum.

The autograph of Edward the Black Prince, which antiquaries have been in search of for many years, has at length been found on the roll of the artillery company, where the names and hand writing of some of the most illustrious patriots and heroes of early times are inscribed.

The present Pope, Leo XII. has lately acquired the Mosaics of Thermes d'Antonin, which were recently discovered. He has also bought the Library of Count de Cicognari, which contains more than five thousand works, the greater part of which belonged to eminent men, who have enriched their copies with marginal notes.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, whose merit as a writer is universally acknowledged, seems chiefly remarkable for a peculiar felicity of expression, which places his vigorous and original conceptions in the most interesting point of view, as the light of the sun draws our attention to the beauty of a fine prospect, and renders nature the object of our regard by displaying her charms in the most attractive manner. The prose works of this amiable author, the goodness of whose

heart is evident in all his compositions, are truly admirable. *The Citizen of the World* amuses while it instructs, it possesses all the fascinations of an easy friend, and all the wisdom of a grave lecturer, without the idle levity of the one, or the solemn dullness of the other. These bewitching essays, when they seem only designed to please, frequently surprise us in the knowledge of some important truth; and while we appear to wander in the garden of fancy, we find ourselves in a school of morals. Thus, when Prince Bonbobbin Bonbennin Bonbobbinet and the mouse with green eyes, allure the reader, (for many readers are allured by a fairy tale, (who would be terrified by a disquisition on the folly of trifling pursuits, he is insensibly led to the instructive conclusion, that our employments should be adapted to our situations, and that what is highly laudable in one man, would be extremely ridiculous in another. The eccentricity of Mr. and Mrs. Tribbs, the Tallow Chandler's Widow, and the Man in Black, while they excite a smile, teach a lesson. Profound treatises on the various foibles exposed in these characters would not have been half so effective as these seemingly sportive effusions. Vice and folly are monsters,

"That to be hated need but to be seen."

The difficulty is to expose them in such a way as shall produce conviction of their unseemliness, without wounding the self-love which so powerfully actuates every heart; and in this delicate undertaking, Goldsmith has succeeded. *The Vicar of Wakefield* is one of the best novels in the English language. In a comparatively small volume, we are made acquainted with as interesting a groupe of characters as can be imagined; we observe virtue under numerous forms, and in various circumstances; and vice is depicted to us with the changing countenance which it wears in real life. Folly too assumes her cap and bells, and we become spectators of the several antics, solemn and sportive, which she is accustomed to play on the stage of existence. The Vicar is a noble character: in him, the zealous pastor, the affectionate father, the tender husband, and the upright man, are united. Mrs. Primrose is both vain and obstinate; yet even with these defects, we cannot but feel that she is an amiable woman; if in prosperity her follies offend us, the virtue she evinces in adversity redeem them all. Her two daughters, though there is considerable opposition in their characters, are alike interesting; or if Olivia is the most interesting, it is because she is the most unfortunate. In George, we have a finished portrait of a high-spirited and generous youth: in Moses, a pleasing simplicity of manners, which forms a striking contrast to

the low cunning of Jenkins. The eccentric Sir William Thornhill, and his abandoned nephew, are extremely well supported characters; the Flamborough family are sketches from nature; and the ladies from town are very well managed, as indeed are all the persons who figure in the novel. The incidents are not at all romantic. Without the least difficulty, we may suppose them to have happened just as they are narrated; yet the attention is engaged from the first page to the last, and there are numerous passages, particularly those descriptive of the midnight conflagration, and the scenes in the prison, which cannot be perused without emotion. *Tom Jones* has great merit, but it is a dangerous production; it is scarcely prudent to place it in the hands of youth: but the *Vicar of Wakefield* is a moral, as well as a pleasing work; even children may peruse it with advantage, and it might prove beneficial in the bookcase of the nursery. Goldsmith's low comedies abound with humour: they are delightful, if not perfect compositions. *She Stoops to Conquer* retains its place on the stage, and it never fails to gratify the audience. The genius of Goldsmith shines with a steady light in his prose works, but with infinitely more brilliancy in his poems, to which there is nothing superior in the circle of the British classics. The harmony of these beautiful effusions is exquisite. Pope's numbers are highly musical, and the result is the harmony of art, but in Goldsmith we are charmed with the harmony of nature; all his thoughts are warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires, yet expressed in tones so finely modulated, that while we are transported with his glow of soul, we are ravished with his melody, which unites the ease of Waller and the grace of Pope with a sweetness of his own. Every stanza of the *Hermit* has some striking beauty: with but little pomp of language; the ideas are invariably rich and appropriate; the mode in which the poem begins—

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale!"

deserves great praise; most poets would have previously run through several stanzas of morality or description. The discovery of a love-lorn lady in the weary palmer, Angelina's history, and Edwin's joy on again beholding his heart's queen, are enchanting specimens of pathos and elegant simplicity. But the excellencies of this piece are generally known and appreciated. To name the *Deserted Village* and the *Traveller* is to fill the mind with the pleasing recollection of an infinite variety of beautiful images, natural descriptions, and noble sentiments. To judge of the heart of Goldsmith from those productions, would be to pronounce him the most amiable of men; and in truth

he was so: "for even his failings leaned to virtue's side." We do not attempt to praise poems like these, but we may observe, that while the language in which he wrote exists, they will ensure to their author a distinguished place in the Temple of Fame.

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*
dwell."

COURTSHIP.

LOVERS in the classical age went after dinner to the vestibules or doors of their mistresses, and whistled or coughed, in order to be heard. When this did not succeed, they sung amorous ditties, or wrote them on the door, or fixed upon it tablets, on which they wrote. If the girls were inflexible, they supplicated the gate, poured libations on it, perfumed it, kissed it amorously, and, if unsuccessful, broke that, the windows, &c. There also occurs serenades, weeping at the door, lying there all night, hanging crowns on it, especially those which they had worn on festivals; throwing upon the threshold the torches lit for their return from supper, and threatening to burn the house; even scribbling libellous or indecent verses on the door. Their omens of success were drawn from a leaf if it cracked upon the hand; from striking the room with apple-kernels; and the *cottabus*, a singular mode of vaticination by the fall of liquor. Greek lovers also came to the house, and it being the fashion for the daughters to fill drink to the stranger, they drank at the part of the cup out of which she drank [the *αποστόλιμα-ισυ φιλημα*, *missivum oscolum*]; put the tongue of the bird *λυγξ* under the knap of her ring with the paring of her nails, or chaunted a charm as they whirled the bird [some writers make *λυγξ* a musical instrument] round, fastened to a trochas of wax, burning both in the fire; threw apples, and also filters of herbs, chiefly those exciting amorous passions. The girls, as a token, dressed themselves with flowers; hung garlands at the doors, or parts of the house exposed to sight when the doors were open; sent garlands and roses; bitten pieces of apple, or morsels of meat; made mutual presents of birds, as doves, &c.; wrote their names on walls, trees, and their leaves; hung garlands on statues, &c. Courtship among the ancient Britons was put under such restraint, that if a girl behaved ill in her father's house, she was to be precipitated from the top of a rock, and her seducer to be deprived of life. Hence, perhaps, the few im-

proprieties attached to the Welsh custom of *bundling*, or courting in bed. How courtship was conducted in the days of chivalry is known to every body, as wearing the sleeve of the lady, leading her horse by the bridle; making ridiculous vows, such as wearing a black patch over the eye, mentioned in Froissart; all which, as to matrimonial concerns, was more romantic than real; for in all great families they were affianced at seven or eight years of age, and married at the age of puberty, to prevent improper attachments. In the History of Troubadours, are very long and curious directions for making love. In the reign of Elizabeth, the following practices prevailed. Playing with the little finger in amorous dalliance; sitting or lying at the feet of their mistresses in ball rooms; looking babies in the eyes, as they called gazing closely and amorously into each other's eyes, so as to see the figures represented in them. They also exhibited their passion publicly. A pendant lock of hair, often plaited and tied with ribband, and hanging at the ear, was so fashionable in the age of Shakspeare, and afterwards, that of Charles I. and many of his courtiers, wore them. This lock was worn on the left side, and hung down by the shoulder, considerably longer than the rest of the hair, sometimes even to the girdle. It was supposed to have the effect of causing violent love, and was originally a French custom. Wigs were made to imitate it. Burton adds to the love-lock a flower worn in the ear. Kissing the eyes was a mark of extraordinary tenderness. In the fore-part of the stays was anciently a pocket, where women not only carried love-letters and tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. When prominent stays were worn, lovers dropped their literary favours into them. If a woman put a love-letter into the bosom pocket, it was a token of her affection. Willow garlands were worn by persons disappointed in love, supposed from the tree's promoting chastity, or the famous passage in the Psalms. The liberties allowed to lovers, and even to intimate acquaintances, in the times of Elizabeth and James, were very indecorous. These were to handle them roughly, put their hands on their necks, kiss them by surprise, &c. Indeed when courtship ensued in inferior rank, it was conducted in the coarsest manner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD WOMEN.

MR. EDITOR.—I am sure you, as myself, must have observed with some surprise, the disappearance of a whole class of human

creatures, I mean *old ladies*, who, I suppose, will be spoken of in future times, as we now allude to the Mammoth and other extinct species of animals, a bone of which is now and then picked up to adorn the cabinets of the virtuosi. It may not be an uninteresting inquiry to many of your readers to ascertain the cause that led to this singular phenomenon, which I think I have discovered and shall briefly state:—

When a judge gives a long and stupid charge, or a lawyer makes a dull prosing speech to evidence, or a parson indulges a lengthy discourse, their effusions are condemned, and they are themselves called *old women*. Stories of apparitions, exhortations to keep early hours, persuasions to take gentle physic, hints about reading a sermon on Sunday evenings, remonstrances about shewing too much of the legs, back, and bosom; suggestions against flirtation, and the banishment of flannel petticoats, when issuing from the lips of elderly females, are also strongly reprehended, and the speakers are uniformly stigmatized with the title of *old women*. All these and many other direct attacks, and sly inuendoes of the same description have sunk for a long time deeply into the minds of the fair sex, and have produced an unanimous determination to stop these slanders, by annihilating in their great and respectable community every trait of an old woman. Accordingly we find that go where we may, whether to parties large, middling, or small; or to church or chapel, we never meet with an *old woman*; but behold, on the contrary, the inspiring manifestations of an universal juvenility: instead of the hoary locks, we see patent spring wigs, hugging the skull in a strictly natural embrace, and surmounted with artificial flowers; the ravages of time on the faces are repaired by art, and every wrinkle filled up with pearl powder, assumes the appearance of a chalk pit; the flagging energies of the bosom are aided by internal props, and the rebellious waist, which presuming on the privileges of age, endeavours to expand itself, is restrained by a pair of long stays, formed on the plan of the insurrection Act in Ireland. Slimness is effectuated by a generous abandonment of the petticoats, and three-fourths of the leg peeps out boldly, in defiance of corns and rheumatism. The manner too, is in strict accordance with the habiliments; the smile, the frown, the flutter, the start, and even the titter, are all practised in their turn. All is youth and sunshine, alertness and gaiety; spring reigns in rosy triumph, and obliterates by his magic, every unwelcome trace of ugliness and decay. Yes, Sir, the race of *old women* is extinguished: no revolution can ever re-place it, it lies buried in the tomb of the Capulets.

R.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 11. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MISNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Mrs. Nixon's Will.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Egyptian Antiquities.*

THE DRAMA.—*An Italian Tragedy.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Benairdes the Pirate.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Works of Eminent Authors.* No. VI.

THE GRACES.—*Effects of Beauty.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Hackney Coach.*

POETRY.—*Stanzas, by "Penelope;"* and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

An application will be made to the next Legislature of this state, to incorporate a company to supply the city of New-York with good and wholesome water. Next to pure air, there is nothing so essential to health as pure water; yet of all the cities in the world, there is none so much in want of it as this.

The works of the Gas Light Company are now in so advanced a state, that the Directors feel confident they will be able to meet the numerous applications for light early in January. Six miles of pipe are laid, and about 300 applicants have already come forward. Chatham Garden Theatre will be among the first public buildings which will be illuminated with gas. There is to be a splendid light on the top of the cupola of the new Exchange, sufficiently large to serve as a beacon to vessels entering this port.

The application of a Steam Engine, placed in a small tow-boat of equal draught of water to a Durham boat, when partly laden, is likely to prove the most efficacious and cheapest method of ascending the rapids with the assistance of iron chains.

A complete navigation through the fertile and populous country between Reading and Lebanon will be completed before the elapse of next year.

MARRIED,

Rev. F. Y. Vail to Miss C. M. Hawley.
Mr. W. M. Brown to Miss M. Morey.

DIED,

Mr. W. Hurley, aged 45 years.
Mrs. Ann M'Gahery, aged 31 years.
Thomas Adams.
Mrs. M. I. Bunker, aged 34 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

SAPPHO.

Who is't that stands upon yon height,
Which overlooks the raging sea,
And seems to view with wild delight,
The waves below, roll angrily?
The wind is sporting with her hair,
Her robes are loosely round her flung,
A lyre she strikes in sad despair,
And accents wild dwell on her tongue.

Who is the maid so sad, and lone,
And what is that wild raging deep,
What snow-white height stands she upon,
And why surveys its rocky steep?
'Tis Sappho, love-forsaken now,
The deep, Ionia's dark blue sea,
The height, is Leucas' rugged brow,
And she from world, love, Phaon free.

But hark! what angel tones are these,
That from the height so sweetly swell?
The which are woo'd by summer breeze,
So soft—they seem from "echo's cell."
Yet hark again! I hear a tone,
At which grows calm the raging main,
It has a sound so sad, so lone—
'Tis Sappho's last—her dying strain.

SONG.

Sound, my lov'd lyre, but once again,
As erst thou didst in days of yore,
But be't a melancholy strain,
And then, be hush'd for evermore.

Sweet Juno, bid thy messenger
Convey the sound to Phaon's ear;
Oh! bid it whisper my despair,
For he'd not listen, were I near.

Sound my lov'd lyre but once—then be
Thy music still, thy cords unstrung;
For him again I'll never see,
Who stood in raptures, while I sung.

Then wherefore shouldst thou ever tell
Of powerful Agamemnon's fate:
Why shouldst thy numbers ever swell
With Dido's love—Æneas' hate?

I woo thee now, thou rocky steep,
I love thee now, thou dark Ion:
Soon in the waves I'll soundly sleep,
To dream, perchance, of days now gone.

If gods will set my spirit free,
Nor doom me to the Stygian shore;
By Phaon's side I'll ever be—
Though false—and guard him evermore.

Thus sung: she struck, with magic hand,
The lyre, which still beside her lay;
And all the chords at her command,
Spoke out their sweetest melody.
The air, the rocks, the raging sea,
Echoed, and echoed every sound,
So soft, so far, it seem'd to be,
To distant angel regions bound,

Now rapid rush'd she to the height,
Her hands extended to the sky;
Her eyes outvied the planet's light,
Her soul—the rack, which fled by.
A moment stood she on the brink,
As if some goddess she would crave,
'Twas not from her resolve to shrink,
The next—she dash'd into the wave.

The ocean sings her requiem.

The sea-nymphs mourn her 'neath the waves,
And deck her tomb with many a gem,
Which once adorn'd their coral caves.
The sea-birds pause upon their flight,
The summer zephyrs softly sigh
And sailors, as they pass the height,
Say, here did love-lorn Sappho die!

PENELOPE.

For the Minerva.

JOY AND SORROW.

Joy kneels at morning's rosy prime,
In worship to the rising sun;
But Sorrow loves the calmer time,
When the day-god his course hath run.
When Night is on her shadowy car,
Pale Sorrow wakes while Joy doth sleep,
And guided by the evening star,
She wanders forth to muse and weep.

Joy loves to cull the summer flower,
And wreath it round his happy brow,
But when the dark autumnal hour
Hath laid the leaf and blossom low;
When the frail bud hath lost its worth,
And Joy hath dashed it from his crest,
Then Sorrow takes it from the earth,
To wither on her withered breast.

J. G. B.

WINTER EVENINGS.

By Bernard Barton.

The summer is over,
The Autumn is past;
Dark clouds round us hover,
Loud whistles the blast;
But clouds cannot darken, nor tempests destroy.
The soul's sweetest sunshine, the heart's purest joy.

The bright fire is flinging
Its splendour around;
The kettle, too, singing,
And blithe is its sound:
Then welcome in evening, and shut out the day,
Its soul-fretting troubles—Oh! tempt not their stay,

Of care, and of sorrow,
Each day brings its share;
From eve let us borrow
Fresh patience to bear:
And the clouds that past o'er us by day shall look bright
In the gentle effulgence of evening's warm light.

Our days are devoted
To trial and toil;
To conflicts unnoted;
And scanty their spoil;
No respite for feeling has day-light made known,
But the quiet of evening may still be our own.

Our path is no bright one
From morning till eve;
Our task is no light one
Till day takes its leave:
But now let us gratefully pause on our way,
And be thankfully cheerful, and blamelessly gay.

We'll turn to the pages
Of history's lore;
Of Bards and of Sages
The beauties explore;
And share o'er the records we love to unroll,
The calm 'feast of reason, the flow of the soul.'

To you, who have often,
In life's later years,
Brought kindness to soften
Its cares and its fears—
To you, with true feeling, your Poet and Friend,
The joys you have heighten'd may fondly commend.

When sorrow has sadden'd,
Your smiles shed their light;
When pleasure has gladden'd,
You made it more bright:
And with you Winter Evenings enjoyments can bring
More dear to your Minstrel than Mornings of Spring.

In this number we give another extract from the
"Stranger's Lay." We regret that its length prevents
us from publishing the whole.

Mildly in the eastern heaven
Shines the lovely star of even;
Softly sighs the evening gale,
O'er the dower enamell'd vale:
All on earth, and all above,
Paints a heaven of peace and love.
Yet there is light below, that vies
Even with that lustre of the skies;
There sounds from mortal voice a tale
Sweeter than the evening gale,
Sweeter than the sweetest breath
That ever rose from flow'ret wreath!
That youthful chief in ivied bower
Hath chos'n such lone and lovely hour,
Soft in his lady's ear to sigh
His vows of love and constancy:
And his the voice, and hers the eye
With nature's pageantries that vie,
And theirs such joy that glorious even,
That vied with all they dream'd of heaven,
Oh! it should be for ever given!
But as the golden streams that break
By night in vessel's flashing wake,
One moment now sad change can show,
From love and peace, to storm and woe.
Ere for an instant it hath shone,
Our bliss is dead, our joy is gone;

THE DEW-DROPS.

In a garden where flow'rets were blooming wild
One arid and sultry morning.
There restlessly wander'd a delicate child,
Whose sense was too early dawning;
"Ah Father!" he cried,
As the buds he eyed,
That languidly droop'd before them;
"The dew-drops to-day
Have been snatch'd away
Too soon, and we're left to deplore them!"

Alas! not permitted to glitter on flow'rs
As happier dew-drops have been,
That have sparkled at eve, in the moon-light hours,
Like fairy lamps over the scene;
And liv'd through the night
And the morning bright,
On the buds, till the moon of the day;
But the heat of the sun,
Or his wrath has undone
These poor dew-drops, and chas'd them away!"

Thus had murmur'd the child, when a fleeting show'r
Bore down from the darkening sky;
And a rain-bow appear'd, ere the closing hour,
As a beautiful arch upon high.
"See thy dew-drops fair
In the rain-bow there
More brilliantly set than before;
So that which fades here
In a purer sphere,
Will re-bloom to be blighted, no more!"

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—VI. IV. I.
PUZZLE II.—Letter O.
PUZZLE III.—Blacksmith.

SOLUTIONS OF ANAGRAMS.

I.—Disappointment.
II.—Monarch.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

In camps about the centre I appear;
In smiling meadows seen throughout the year;
The silent angler views me in the streams,
And love-sick maidens in their morning dreams;
First in each mob conspicuous I stand,
Proud of the lead, and double in command;
Without my power no mercy can be shown.
Or soft compassion to their hearts be known;
Each sees me in himself, yet all agree
Their hearts and persons have no charm for me;
The chymist proves my virtue upon ore,
For, touch'd by me, he changes it to more.

II.

I am rough, smooth, hard, soft, long, short, round, flat,
oval, square, or oblong. Am now honoured with the
grasp of a monarch, and now in the hand of him who
executes the meanest office. I possess the art of pleas-
ing in a very eminent degree. Am now the delight of
the idle beau, and now assist the skilful artist. My sta-
tion is ever varying: I am now thrown carelessly in a
corner, now put into the mouth, now in the pocket, and
now under the grate. I will only add, that every room
is indebted to me for its chief ornament.

EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,
And published every Saturday
BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,
128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No
subscription can be received for less than a year,
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to
the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.